

M. HIGH & CO. E. M. BASS & CO.

OUR SILK DEPARTMENT PRESENTS THIS SEASON THE

Most Exquisite Dress and Reception Costumes

has ever been our delight to show. Nothing pertaining to the Newest and Latest things have been forgotten, and WE ARE READY TOMORROW to exhibit all these elegant things in every imaginable coloring.

GRAND! SUPERB! MAGNIFICENT!

One lot of extra heavy Bengaline... Bought at about two-thirds regular value, and sold away under price. Dress Goods. Our magnificent and varied stock of Spring Dress Goods is complete, and we show the most exquisite productions of European and American markets. Our Novelties represent the very newest and latest creations of French and German manufacture. Styles and patterns are exclusive and not to be had elsewhere. We invite your inspection. Come tomorrow, we can interest you. 500 of those elegant Novelty Pattern Suits, a gorgeous and new collection; all the new tints and shades, beauties beyond conception; on exhibition tomorrow, \$5 to \$75 a pattern. 69 pieces 46-inch French Poplins, all the new spring shades, \$1 a yard. Epingline Suitings, choice and very stylish colorings, 44 inches wide, \$1.50 a yard. 75 pieces English Whip Cords, worth 85c; we offer tomorrow at 57c a yard. 160 pieces Changeable Diagonals, silk finish shot effects, silk and wool mixtures and Illuminated Effects at \$1.19 a yard. 50 pieces Scotch Diagonal Mixtures, strictly all-wool, 40 inches wide, offered at 50c a yard. 29 pieces Crocodile Crepes, flowered effects, lovely for wraps and tea gowns, 75c a yard. Black Dress Goods. All the Novelties for wearers of Black and Mourning Goods. The largest and best stock to be shown in Atlanta. 300 pieces Novelty Stripes, Diagonals, Crepes, Wave Line, Dots, Whip Cord, Drap de Alma, Serges, Epingline, Poplins, etc. Tomorrow We Offer: 10 pieces black Silk Warp Henrietta, Priestley's make, worth \$1.29; special at 98c a yard. 54 inch Black Sicilian Cloth, regular \$1.50 grade, at \$1 a yard. 10 pieces 46-inch Black English Serge, truly \$1 value, 75c a yard tomorrow. 8 pieces 46-inch Black Silk finished Henrietta, a beauty, for 75c; worth \$1.15.

S-P-E-C-I-A-L-S:

One lot short ends fine Dress Satines, 7 to 10 yard lengths, worth 20c, special at 7c a yard. 2,000 yards spring style Dress Prints, usual price 7 1/2c, Monday at 5c a yard. 2,000 yards Cashmere de Laine, a stylish wash fabric, worth 10c, special 6 1/2c a yard. One case French Satines, in lengths of 8 to 20 yards, 12 1/2c. Two cases new French and English Percales, opened Saturday, 12 1/2c a yard. 5,000 yards Utica Mills 4-4 Bleaching on sale Monday at 7 1/2c a yard. The best gents' Collar on earth for the money—10c each; all the new shapes. 200 dozen gents' French Madras Neglige Shirts, worth \$2.25, offered tomorrow at \$1 each. 500 dozen J. M. High & Co.'s own fast black Hose for ladies, warranted perfect dye, 25c; worth 40c. One lot gents' French balbriggan Half Hose, regular 33 1/2c grade, Monday 17 1/2c pair. One lot ladies' fine embroidered and hemstitched Linen Handkerchiefs, worth 35c, special at 15c each. Big lot Swiss and Hamburg Embroideries, special Monday at 5c a yard; worth three times this price. 500 pounds fine Linen Note Paper, 5 quires to a pound, at 19c a pound. Envelopes to match, 5c package. Another lot fine colored bordered Linen Doylies, special, 5c. 10 pieces bleached Table Damask, special at 59c; worth 75c. 12-4 Marseilles pattern spreads, at \$1 each. Big job lot of Damask and Huck Towels, extra large size, about 500 dozen in lot; they are worth from 25 to 40c each, we offer Monday at 19c. New styles in ladies Capes and Wraps now on exhibition. One lot ladies' Capes, all wool, tans and black, Monday at \$2.75 each. New Blazer Suits, late styles, \$9.50. Eton Suits at \$12.50, worth \$20. New style Silk Suits for ladies, \$12.50 to \$25. Big lot ladies' Shirt Waists, percale, madras, satine and silk, 37c to \$1.00. MILLINERY—We are showing some exquisite styles in French pattern Hats, Ribbons, Flowers, etc. One lot ladies' Gowns, good muslin, at 49c each. One lot ladies' cambric Corset Covers, assorted styles, at \$1.49; worth \$2.75. One lot ladies' Chemise, corded band, open front or square neck, 50c each.

CARPETS A BIG CUT-PRICE SALE IN OUR CARPET DEPARTMENT. CARPETS

If you need Carpets, come and see us, and we will do the rest. THIS WEEK ONLY—All wool... One lot of Moquettes to go the same way, and at the same price. 200 Fur Rugs, large size, \$2.50... One lot of Lace Curtains, 3 1/2 yards long, worth \$2, this week at \$1 a pair. 200 Dado Shades, on spring... all complete, at 25c each. Big lot Japanese Rugs, large sizes, for room and hall, at 70c on the dollar.

The world moves! Opinions differ! Thoughts advance! Ideas change! Reforms are born! Improvements are made! Time was when every merchant had his dull season. Now, it's only the dull merchant who has it. Life begets life. Business begets business. There is no reason why one period of the year should not be as busy as any other. True, the natural demand for goods may not be as large in February as in December. But what is that to the enterprising merchant? Demand is induced by the price, and the merchant makes the price. The lower the price, the higher the demand. Here lies E. M. Bass & Co.'s secret in being busy all the year round. This week in particular, although most merchants consider it one of the dullest of the year, will be one of the busiest at E. M. Bass & Co.'s. Good reasons for it. If you would buy goods for less than the cost of manufacture you will buy this week.

DRESS GOODS.

Your Chance: 38-inch Brilliantine. 38-inch Novel Cheviots. 36-inch Diagonal Worsteds. 36-inch Henrietta. Dress Goods, valued all the season at 50c to 75c per yard, only \$1.50, only 49c. Your Other Chance: 54-inch Plain Flannel. 38-inch Twill Flannel. 38-inch Tricots. 38-inch Storm Serge. 38-inch Plain Serge. 38-inch Henrietta. Besides many other fine Novelties, sold all the season for 75c to \$1.50, only 49c. 38-inch Ottomans 98c, regular price \$1.50. 40-inch Suitings \$1.23, regular price \$2. 46-inch Broadcloth \$1.75, regular price \$2.50. 48-inch Gloria Silk, \$1.19, regular price \$2. 40-inch Turmoise \$1.13, regular price \$1.75. 38-inch Cashmeres 65c, regular price \$1. 40-inch Poplins 98c, regular price \$1.50.

Bargains in Gingham.

10 cases fine Spring Gingham, Scotch effects, loveliest patterns—as good or better than A. F. C.'s—would be cheap at 12 1/2c. Price in this sale 8 1/2c. This is an incomparable bargain—would have been before the recent great advance in cotton goods. In fact, every item above mentioned is positively priced much below cost of manufacture and could not be so offered but for most extraordinary purchases made.

Bargains in Satin Gloria Cloth.

A new Spring Dress Fabric just out. Just what you want and just what you must have. Our buyers secured, at away under value, three cases. Examine it and you will say it is worth 25c. Exactly; but our

price next week will be only 12c 3/4. These goods will be found on the Bargain Counter, in the center of the house, near the cash stand, as will be other specials here offered.

GLOVES.

A lot of Ladies' Cashmere Gloves together with a lot of Ladies' Kid Gloves, worth from 35c to \$1.50, to close at 25c. Black, tan and gray Kid Gloves, worth \$1.50, now \$1. Ladies' Kid Gloves, in black, tan and gray, five hooks, worth \$2.50; now \$1.25. The best Ladies' Kid Glove in Atlanta for \$1.50.

Buttermilk Soap.

For Monday only, 5c.

Hosiery. Hosiery.

15c Ladies' Hose, fast color, 10c. An excellent quality at 20c. 40c grade only 25c. 75c quality at 45c. \$1.50 Silk Hose, only \$1.

Hamburg Edgings.

Enough Edgings to supply the whole of Fulton county at prices to suit all. You will do well to examine them before you buy.

Have just received a large shipment of Shoes! See them and their cheapness will cause you to buy.

The cream of the world's markets at your own doors. The latest and best of all that is good. The finest and highest grade of all that is novel. Every taste considered; every idea elaborated; every customer pleased—all at prices that do not cramp the purse—at value's lowest figures. It's that way with our Shirt sale. You never saw such Shirts at such prices. 1900 pure linen bosom, reinforced back and front, unlaundered, patent

gussets, New York mills muslin 53c. Just so with the boys' Shirt Waists. Garner's best percales, latest production, worth 75c to \$1 each. Come quick, 3 for \$1.

When You Write

Put your thoughts in proper form on proper writing paper. Good form demands that you use some of these not-to-be-had-elsewhere styles. 1 quire paper, envelopes to match, 5c. Good quality 1 quire paper with envelopes to match, 10c. Proper paper, fine grades, up to \$1 per box.

Umbrellas.

500 silk glorias, 98c. 300 silk Umbrellas, good quality, worth \$1.75, for \$1.25. 250 fine Umbrellas, \$1.50. 200 fine silk Umbrellas that were \$3, only \$2.

A Complete Reform in Dressmaking

By the use of Imperial pinned draped paper patterns with flat duplicate to cut out by. Many ladies have no hesitancy in acknowledging their inability to use successfully the patterns and designs furnished by manufacturers of flat patterns. It is not strange that the necessity for their use is dreaded and the occasion avoided when possible. The introduction of our draped pinned patterns has changed all of this. An Imperial pattern is perfect in every detail. Being draped and pinned in shape, all difficulty is overcome, however elaborate or novel the design.

Patterns Without Seams.

The advantages of having a pattern cut without any allowance for seams or hems on it are readily apparent, and thoroughly appreciated by all practical persons. As the exact outline of the pattern can be continuously traced or creased on the material as a guide to sew by, the shape is more certain to be correct and the fit more perfect.

Saving of Material.

It is also especially advantageous where there is a scant quantity of goods, as greater discretion can be used in the cutting, it being often possible to face the hems, and also to allow narrower seams than usual where there is not likely to be much strain, particularly in a half-fitting garment, or when trimming is to be sewed over the seam. By laying all the pieces of the pattern on the goods at the same time, calculations of this kind can be easily and correctly made, which would be almost impossible if the seams, especially if they are ample ones, are cut on the pattern.

It will pay you to get our catalogue illustrated with about 1,000 large illustrations. Price, 20c. We will give forty of the illustrations away Monday. The patterns are on sale here and very much surpass anything on the market. See the model hanging in the front of the store.

E. M. BASS & CO., 51-53 Peachtree THE BEST COMPANY IS THE ONE THAT DOES THE MOST GOOD.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President. ASSETS, \$175,084,156.61

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY. Received at the CONSTITUTION BLDG., 28 W. Ala. St., Atlanta, Ga. 1148 1893. Dated New York 25 To R. F. Shedden, Gen. Agt. The Company will grant Extension of sixty days time on premiums to all policy holders who suffer by closing. State list of all who desire to avail themselves of this order. R. F. Shedden, Gen. Agent.

Policy holders who will be forced to avail themselves of the Company's courtesy will kindly notify me at once.

R. F. SHEDDEN, Gen. Agent, Atlanta, Ga. COULD BUILDING.

THE "IDLE PRINCESS" OF THE SOUTH.

There was a decided difference in the character of the negro before and after the war. In the former case, the mistress was, in a measure, the architect of their fortunes and her own, whereas, at present, both mistress and servants may be the victims of former mismanagement.

That the preponderance of good over bad service was greater than is owing to the longer apprenticeship and the more thorough and conscientious teacher who held sway at that time, and the conviction that her relation to the servant to be life-long.

The really competent mistress of a plantation was obliged to be a judge of human nature as well as a born educator. It was no more possible to choose the house servants from a mass of "field hands" in an ad captivum manner than it would be to make the same selection from among a company of road menders. A girl who might be an excellent seamstress would often prove an extremely poor housemaid, or a "treasure" in the dairy turned out a torment in the preserving room.

The Lady at the "Big House" as Nurse, Physician and Apothecary.

The close familiarity with her slaves from infancy enabled the mistress to judge more accurately than a modern housewife; thus she could adapt the person to the occupation with great nicety. This was less remarkable, as its first little clothes were usually prepared either under her direction or by her. She visited the mother during the period of her illness, and, if the case promised to be serious, she personally assumed the duties of nurse. When the mother was well enough to return to her work in the field the little one became a still greater charge upon the lady up at the

How She Managed Her Hospitals, Creches and Bible Readings.

than the christening during the mistress's absence of two babies by the names of these prototypes of untruth. To her indignation protest on her return, one of her congregation answered that "Them came out of the Bible, and it w'd bring the children good luck to have saint's names."

There were, however, graver discouragements which met her than those of misapprehension in her missionary work. Every good woman takes much more than a mere humanitarian interest in the children she has reared, and it was a heart-breaking experience for her to see the little girl who had grown up with her own laughter drift back to the primitive morality of her race with a callousness and levity that was fearful.

Then, indeed, the mistress herself stood in direct need of the consolations of religion to enable her to pass through the dark hours in which doubt assailed her about the methods she had pursued, the word too much or too little which she had spoken, and the dread of leaving in some way proved unfaithful to her trust. How nobly she did perform her task is evinced by the conduct of the negroes during the war, when even that earthquake, which dislocated every other social relation, was unable to break the tie which bound this mother of her people to her dependent children.

Judge and Mediator.
If a quarrel occurred between husband and wife, she adjudicated it; if there was a fight, she reconciled them to each other. In every trouble of these excitable beings, hers was the task to comfort or command. To her they came with their woes and their confessions, and she often

The Social and Intellectual Life on the Old River Plantations.

demonstrated to have been no lotus-eating existence.

Added to these cares and labors, the mistress of a plantation household must be the refining element of the lives of her husband and children. Nor was the duty sincere under the opposing influence of a life of isolation and continued intercourse with a lower race; yet these solitary women preserved and fostered the sentiment of civility in their boys and implanted a maidenly modesty and stern sense of duty in their girls, which seems to their descendants a nobler work than the formation of philosophical theories or the making of books.

Magazines Southern Women Read.
Their lives were as barren of pleasures as they were rich in vital interests. Once, or at most twice, a week, the cotton boat of the place brought the mail and the newspapers, carrying an echo of that outer life with which they had so little intercourse. Occasionally boxes of new books would come from New Orleans or some approximate town. Almost every family too, The Eclectic Review, or Little's Living Age, one or two of the English quarterlies, generally Blackwood, and these gave them intellectual food without which stagnation must inevitably have come.

There were fashion papers and magazines, too—for was there ever a woman without a desire to conform to the standard of civility of her sex? After the fashion plates, gowns were fabricated which seemed counterparts of those portrayed in the colored plates, but the first visit to New Orleans or to a watering place revealed the appalling difference between the thing as it was and instinctive as self-help.

Ideal Neighborhoods.
The chief source of enjoyment was in association with their neighbors. Like every little community, the intimacy between the families of the adjoining plantations was close, and only ceased to exist when some Montague and Capulet sent over a boundary a poaching negro, a stray horse or a run-away match, interfered with that neighborly relation which rendered mutual assistance as natural and instinctive as self-help.

If a neighbor's corn crop proved short, or his groceries were out before he could supply himself, or his cows were not of such good breed as his neighbor's, a flat boat load of corn was frequently sent without price or any sense of conferring or receiving an obligation; the groceries were supplied; a cow of the coveted herd was presented; one sister had a house that pleased another, and it was presented to his friend; by this interchange of kindness, the ties of friendship were cemented by a sense of mutual dependence.

Festive Occasions.
Of course, the weddings, birthday and anniversary dinners, as well as the Christmas and New Year's festivities, were brilliant points of light in the monotony of the planter's life. All the comestibles for these were prepared at home by the weary little housemistress, to whom her guests' praises of her sister had a house that pleased another, and it was presented to his friend; by this interchange of kindness, the ties of friendship were cemented by a sense of mutual dependence.

The great bear hunts, too, were the signals for general gatherings. The men did not wear "pink" nor had they any "master of the hounds," but they brought stanch and fleet horses to the race of their own rearing, and sturdy dogs that only gave up the attack with their lives; and many an anxious wife's heart bounded with pride as she looked at men of her house sitting on their horses like a part of the animal, and curbing



THE FINISHING TOUCH TO THE BRIDE.

the most fiery of their half-broken colts with a quiet turn of the wrist and a word of admonition.

How rare such an occasion as a ball was, is shown by the fact that the guests thought little of driving twenty miles over the earth roads, dressing at the house to which they had been invited, dancing all night and returning home in the gray dawn of the next morning. The hostess' slaves, under her direction, prepared the supper and decorated exquisitely the meats and cakes; weeks before the day of the entertainment, all were busy with the preparation of the good cheer, and it is rather remarkable that the receipts for fruit cakes and mince pies then in use were exactly the same as those used in Chester, England, from which all the choice wedding cake is ordered at this day.

To us of a later and easier-living generation, it suggests a remarkably healthy delight in life that people should undertake so heavy a labor for a few hours' pleasure; yet the women of that day still smile over the remembered joy of those dances, which is as sweet in their recollections as the perfume of dried rose leaves.

She Kept "Open House."
The spice of variety was furnished to the plantation families by the constantly varying company of visitors that drifted from place to place—the well-developed germ of the modern "house party"; they brought a fresh current of ideas and personalities into the quiet, back waters.

There was continually some one "staying" at a place—an elastic term which might cover any sort of a visit lasting from four days to four years. These visitors were of every rank and order—literary people, political magistrates, distinguished foreign travelers of all grades, artists and literary men, poor relations,

emigrating families belated on the road, journeymen in search of work, city people up for a day, farmers and horse doctors employed to attend the stock, and all the sorts and conditions of men that are performed given shelter in a great house in regions where inns do not exist.

All these visitors, after their kind, were made comfortable, bidden to a seat at the table with gentle warmth by the hostess, and it was a bold servant who ventured to show the contempt which the negroes entertained for a "half stranger," which was equivalent with them to the New York epithet of "climber."

Women of the Old School Were Religious.
Amid the conflicting currents that surrounded her from within and without her home, this woman of the plantation guided the course of her life, lighted by a true and unselfish faith which was wonderfully strong to bear her soul up under the pressure of overwork, disease and responsibility. Without such firm religious belief, it would have been as difficult to describe a southern woman of the old school as to imagine the jasmine without perfume.

Partly, this was the growth of her conditions, partly the outcome of the opinions of her masculine environment; for no matter how lax were the views of her family, their respect for her was grounded on their unwavering belief in her moral purity and religious orthodoxy, to which they paid the tribute of profound silence regardless of their own philosophical doubts. Such a struggle with dogmas might be a portion of their more human development, but she must be forever removed beyond all question of strife, even in a moral field; for with combat came a suggestion of "masculinity," which was to her, as to them, the ne plus ultra of all unvirtuousness in woman.

Pull of all gentle virtues, and busy with womanly duties as varied as they were absorbing and arduous, she grew in the silent places by the great river, making sweet the air around her and dying as the flowers died in her garden—without any special record of her existence save that she had made a summer in the lives of those blessed ones who knew her.

VARINA ANNE DAVIS.

Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is an easy food—it is more than food, if you please; but it is a food—to bring back plumpness to those who have lost it.

Do you know what it is to be plump?

Thinness is poverty, living from hand to mouth. To be plump is to have a little more than enough, a reserve.

Do you want a reserve of health? Let us send you a book on CAREFUL LIVING; free.

Scott & Bown, Chemists, 130 South 5th Avenue, New York.
Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do.

Sealed Proposals

Will be received for two weeks to build the Central Presbyterian church, at Montgomery, Ala. Plans and specifications can be seen at office of chairman. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids. J. W. BLACK, Chairman.

Montgomery, Ala., February 17, 1893.
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NO MATTER WHAT YOU MANUFACTURE,
The Singer Manuf'g Co.
CAN FIT UP
YOUR STITCHING ROOM
COMPLETE.

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SINGER MACHINES
SOLD.
EVERY TRADE SUPPLIED
WITH A MACHINE FITTED FOR
ITS PECULIAR NEEDS.

A WORD TO THE WISE
CERTAIN ADVERTISEMENTS FROM TRADE RIVALS
who fear the phenomenal success of
Van Houten's Cocoa
in America, contain innuendoes against it, and appeal to the authority of
Dr. SYDNEY RINGER, Professor of Medicine at University College, London.
This eminent physician ACTUALLY writes as follows:
"From the careful analyses of Professor Atwell and others, I am satisfied that
Van Houten's Cocoa is in no way injurious to health, and that it is decidedly more nutritious
than other Cocoa—it is certainly 'Pure' and highly digestible.
The quotations in certain advertisements from my book on Therapeutics are quite misleading
and cannot possibly apply to Van Houten's Cocoa."
The false reflection on VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA is thus effectually refuted and the very authority cited to injure it, has thereby been prompted to give it a very handsome testimonial.

Victor Bicycles.
No need to remind you that cycling is the grandest, most exhilarating, most healthful sport in the world.
Less need of saying that Victor Bicycles lead. It's a long established fact, known wherever cycling is known—from Maine to California, Canada to Mexico. A catalog at your service.
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ATLANTA, GA., JUNCTION HOUSTON STREET AND E. 10th St.
Interior Hardware, Paints, Stairs, Work, Artists' Paint and Canvas, Bar and Store fixtures, Hardware Lumber.
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SOUTHERN MUTUAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION
21 NORTH PRYOR, Corner Decatur Street, ATLANTA, GA.
Capital Stock, \$3,000,000.00. Assets January 1, 1893, \$1,000,000.00.
LOANS MADE ON REAL ESTATE.
Our installment stock is a profitable and safe investment. We issue a 7 per cent guaranteed certificate, provided money is left on hand. Our paid in capital and profits are larger than any bank in the city.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.
SOUTHERN CENTRAL OFFICES:
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185 Canal St., - New Orleans, La.
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THE VERY LATEST APPLIANCES IN STEAM AND POWER FITTINGS
CONSERVATION ON HAND.
Estimates carefully and cheerfully made upon application.

Remington Typewriter

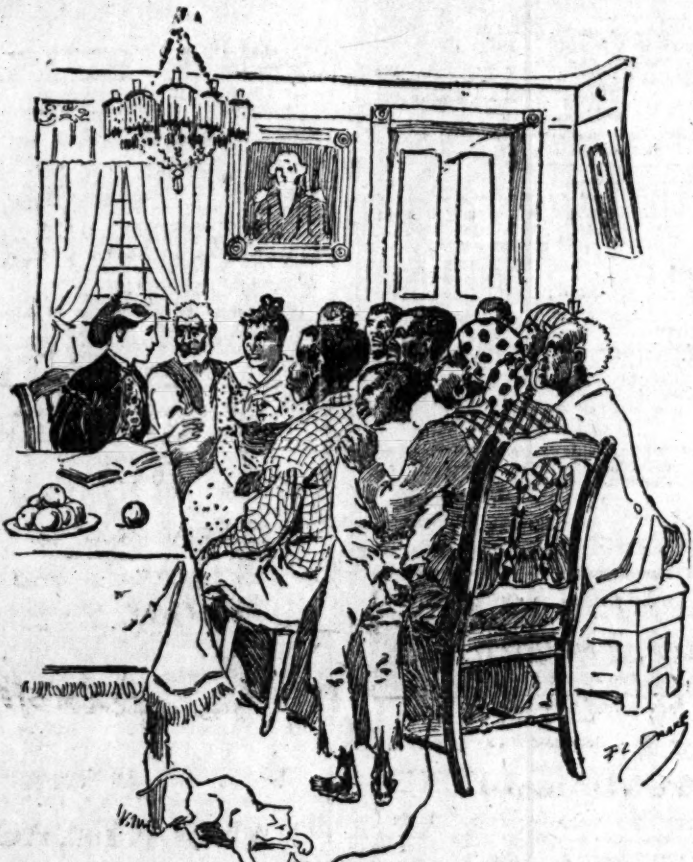
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Unanimously adopted, after a searching investigation, in May, 1892, by American Newspaper Publishers' Association. Over 500 machines sold to its members since that date.

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THE "IDLE PRINCESS" AND HER BIBLE CLASS.

"Big house." Most plantations had a sort of creche established where some trustworthy old negro watched over the young children in the absence of their parents, but, as in all things else, the eye of the mistress was necessary to the guardianship of her interests and theirs.

In the diseases of infancy which attacked the little ones, she must be at once nurse and medical adviser, for on the river places, and still more so further back in the country, it was often impossible to get the aid of a doctor in time to be of much service.

There were, indeed, occasions when medical assistance could not be procured "for love or money," sometimes "the water was up" and the physician could not pass through the swamp, and sometimes, as was the case in a cholera epidemic, the physicians could not leave the majority of their patients in the towns.

Alone the master and mistress fought the disease as best they could, going their rounds day and night for more than a month, and playing the triple parts of nurse, physician and apothecary until they themselves succumbed to the pestilence. The rubbing, which formed part of the treatment, had to be done under their personal superintendence, and the deathwatch with the twitching corpse fell also to their share, as the negroes were too frightened "to stay with dead folks that move."

Did smallpox break out, the "idle princess" was obliged to put by all thought of the danger to her beauty and do yeoman service to the stricken negroes. Although she might have children, of her own, the scarlet fever must not frighten her when it appeared in the quarter, nor measles, which is as fatal to the negro as to the soldier on his campaign.

To qualify themselves for these duties, southern women studied the approved medical works, and have for generations proudly maintained their rule in the sick room which even now they are reluctant to abdicate in favor of the "trained nurse" of our new civilization.

The Priestess of the Plantation.
The light for the lives of her slaves was not the greed of property nor the mere professional instinct of a nurse. Her affections were enlisted; she was the priestess who carried the consolations of religion to the dying, comforted the bereaved, and instructed the ignorant.

Though there were negroes, and also white, preachers on the plantations, yet that part of her duty could not be relegated to either of these. It may be that to many a tired and malaria-ridden woman those long Sunday hours in a room full of darkness, hot and redolent of the bouquet of Africa, will be a reminiscence of her hardest trial.

The inability to touch their consciences, the readiness with which the "maginations took fire, turning into superstition, the beauties of belief, rendered it doubly difficult to convey any adequate idea of the Bible's teaching to the mass, although there were on most plantations, certainly on every well-regulated one, souls whose purity and simple faith were wonderfully beautiful; of half-awakened minds and wholly dormant consciences there were all too many.

A hot summer afternoon spent in expounding the story of Annanias and Sapphira, and the heinousness of lying, had no further effect on one plantation

was a hot shop on the... him benedict... clothes seen... his body. I... was a keen... companion w... was perched... worked. Rue Pascari... inhabited... poor artisans... like the... it was... in the great... broad revol... Robespierre, ... terror was still... palliative. Fabien, the... of his patron... in the dreary... little. There... with whom... want to the m... and his pe... little tailor, and... and out aga... workmen when... silent. All... sharp knife... friend unknown... wanted this wa... little shop v... them all. Every now and t... even, whom I... would c... and catch sight... the black hea... his glossy wing... attention. The boy and the... for years. I... belonged to a gent... royalist, and... certain wor... wanted to hear... his horse "Long... frequently heard... more than one... the raven, persons had cost... their heads. But, while Otiz... when rebu... ere he repeat... times, and Fabien... the door so as not... my rough passers-by... On this particular... was mending... wife of a black... when a sh... hold. The boy... looking up, be... amb... an who... was Crepin. I... on some t... for he ha... along the house... new arrests an... If Crepin w... how to take o... while nearly every... in losing their... the moment the... to the doorway, he... cowed. "Long live... maker's chagrin... Just at that time... he was death to utter... which had just p... Jacquot's throat. "That's a royal t... told Crepin with... that he endea... such words as the... "I don't see why... His but a maven, a... want the best of s... Crepin continued... and all at once, with... support of which Fab... he turned and pass... The raven delight...

JACQUOT, A STORY OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

It was a hot summer day, and in a shop on the Rue Pascarin, Paris, was mending shoes. Everything about him betokened poverty, and some of his clothes seemed to hang in shreds on his body. For all this, however, he was a keen, bright-eyed boy. His companion was a demure maiden, who was perched on his shoulder while he worked.

The Rue Pascarin was a narrow, dirty street, inhabited for the most part by poor artisans, and from more than one shop like the boy's came sounds of hammer and anvil. It was not a time for work by any means in the great capital of the French; the great revolution was at its height, and Robespierre, the leader of the reign of terror, was still sending hundreds to the guillotine.

Fabien, the cobbler, could recall many of his patrons who had been carted off to the dreary prisons and thence to the guillotine. There was Blaquemont, the tailor, with whom he used to chat when he went to the market for something for himself and his pet; there was Antoine, the little tailor, and Henri, the wagoner, who cried out against the atrocities of the terrorists when he should have remained silent. All these had felt the sharp knife of the guillotine, and while the shop was still sending hundreds to the guillotine, Fabien, the cobbler, could recall many of his patrons who had been carted off to the dreary prisons and thence to the guillotine.

Every now and then a horse came from the street, whom Fabien called "Citizen horse," and would cause the boy to look up and catch sight of the cunning eyes with the black head, and the bird would be his glossy wings as it delighted with the situation.

The boy and the raven had been friends for years. Citizen Jacquot had belonged to a gentleman who was a devoted royalist, and had been taught to regard certain words which he was accustomed to hear in his master's house. He knew "Long live the king" was frequently heard in the boy's shop, and he more than one occasion Fabien and the raven, saying that such expressions had cost a good many people their heads.

But while Citizen Jacquot looked on, when he was rebuked, it would not be for the repetition of the obnoxious sentences, and Fabien would sometimes shut the door so as not to have the raven's eyes on him.

On this particular day the little shoemaker was mending a pair of shoes for the wife of a butcher on the next street block, when a shadow fell across the doorway. The boy paused in his work, looking up, beheld leaning against the door a man whom he well knew.

"Citizen Crepin," a dissolute fellow, who for some time had been a spy for the revolution, for he had a habit of turning up at the homes on the Rue Pascarin, whenever he was in the neighborhood, would have arrested and executed among the people, but he was not a paid spy, he knew how to take care of his own head, and nearly everybody else seemed to be taking theirs.

The moment the raven saw the fellow in the doorway, he flapped his wings and said, "Long live the king!" to the shoemaker's chagrin.

But at that time there was no king, for the revolutionists had sent him and the royal family to the guillotine, and it was death to utter a sentence like that which had just poured from Citizen Jacquot's throat.

"That's a royal bird, Monsieur Fabien," said Crepin with a leer. "Don't you know that he endorses his master by such words as those?"

"I don't see why he should, Crepin. He's but a raven, and, surely, they don't make the heads of such creatures."

Crepin continued to look at the raven, and at all at once, with muttered words, the raven which Fabien could only guess, he turned and passed out.

"And who was he, pray?" asked the raven delighted at the dark-faced man's departure.

"Ah, the man who lost his head among the very first."

"Yes."

The sergeant turned to the men at his back, and seemed to consult them in silence for a moment.

"We must take Citizen Jacquot," turning suddenly upon the boy.

"The warrant signed by Citizen Robespierre calls for him, and it is not stated what he is, man or bird."

Fabien fell back a pace, and seemed to plant himself in front of his workbench. His blood was hot, and he knew that if Jacquot were taken from him they would never meet again.

"You cannot have Citizen Jacquot," he cried, facing the sergeant and his squad. "He is my companion, and we are very happy here."

But the soldiers were not to be deterred by a boy, and they pressed forward at the sergeant's command, while Fabien menacingly raised the hammer.

Seeing his own danger, the raven suddenly flew, cawing, to the very top of the shop, where he hid himself in the darkness, shaking down a lot of dust and cobwebs.

"Bring him down," cried the sergeant. "We will have Citizen Jacquot if we have to demolish the shop to get him."

Several of the men began to climb after the raven; they did not know that they destroyed of the boy's property, and held by him, which seemed to take delight in pinching his flesh, Fabien was forced against the wall, while the upper part of the room was assaulted by the revolutionists.

After a long and stubborn fight among the rafters, the raven was taken; but several of the men had felt his sharp beak and talons, and they wanted but a nod from the sergeant to give them leave to wring the raven's neck.

"If you take Citizen Jacquot you will have to take me also," cried Fabien, springing forward.

"But we don't want you, though you have given us a good deal of trouble; you have resisted the will of the assembly," said the sergeant.

"Then I resist it still further. Long live the king! Is that enough?" shouted the little cobbler of the Rue Pascarin.

of men came down the street. People courageous enough flew to their windows, and some of the most timid looked out from behind the blinds, for it was known that the soldiers were coming to arrest some new victims.

Little Fabien did not hear them until they reached the door which he had closed; but, as a heavy rattle sounded, he sprang up and went forward.

An armed guard was outside—a guard of rough-looking fellows with fierce mustaches. The leader carried a cut-

cart. You shall not separate us, minions of the beast Robespierre."

That was enough. Rough hands seized the boy, and he was dragged into the midst of the squad, which faced about and tramped forth into the narrow street—the raven so held as not to be able to do any damage to his captors.

The people who had ventured near the shop during these scenes fell back, white-faced, and watched the little procession as it moved off, with Fabien, the boy cobbler, walking erect next to the man who carried Citizen Jacquot.

It was all Crepin's work. The boy felt that the ruffian had reported Citizen Jacquot's treason to the terrorists.

"Ah," thought he, "it will come your time one of these days, Monsieur Crepin."

In less than half an hour after the arrest of the little shoemaker and his pet, they were thrown into a dungeon, where they had no light and only a pitcher of water. It was one of those prisons which already contained hundreds of people who were to be sent to the guillotine,

and from whose doors the dread cart made daily trips to the place of execution.

Little Fabien was delighted with one thing, and that was that he had not been deprived of Jacquot's society. They were not to be separated, and as Fabien threw himself upon the heap of straw which had been the couch of some poor victim of the revolution before him, he found Citizen Jacquot cuddling up close to him with his glossy feathers pressed against his breast.

The next morning they heard the tramp of heavy feet along the corridor outside the dungeon, and then came the grating of iron doors as they opened to let out the next batch of victims. After this the tramp, tramp came back and passed away, and the rumble of the death cart died away on the stony street.

For three days this was repeated, with terrible minuteness and certainty. Bread and water came mysteriously to the cell occupied by Fabien and Citizen Jacquot, and the raven, once merry, was now stungly silent and morose.

Without the companionship of his friend, Fabien would have gone mad. He talked to the raven, tried to cheer him up, and even sang snatches of song which he was wont to sing in the old shop while at work.

Why didn't they summon them to the mock trials which sometimes preceded the executions of the already condemned? The boy was eager to meet his accusers; he even longed to stand before the most dreaded man in France, Robespierre himself, and tell him that it was all wrong to make war on a raven and a boy.

One morning the raven flew to the meager slit of the window, from which he had been barred with boards, and began to caw in a startling manner. Little Fabien sprang up and wondered what had come over the bird.

"Is it the death cart for us?" he asked. "Have they come to our number at last?" But he was wrong, and when Citizen Jacquot ceased for a moment, he heard faint sounds of cheers and long cries, the like of which he had not heard since they entered the dungeon.

What did it all mean? Presently there came to their ears the noise of feet in the corridor. Little Fabien ran to the door and listened. His heart was in his throat. All was tumult outside.

"Long live the king!" suddenly screamed Citizen Jacquot.

"Hush," answered the alarmed boy. "You will have them down upon you in a moment, Jacquot. Keep still."

The tumult, increasing at every moment, came nearer and nearer. It was like a great wave rushing down the corridor.

All at once some one seemed to be tapping at the door, which was Fabien's cell.

"Break it in," said a loud voice. Blows sufficient to break in a door of iron were rained on the portal, and it flew open. Light poured into the dungeon, and revealed the little cobbler of the Rue Pascarin and Citizen Jacquot standing terror-stricken in one corner.

In rushed a lot of people yelling and gesticulating with all their might.

"It's all over," they cried. "Robespierre and his associates are dead."

Fabien could not believe it for a moment. He and Citizen Jacquot were carried in triumph from the prison, and he heard the story of the fall of Robespierre,

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while the streets of Paris rang with cries of deliverance.

The turn in the long lane of blood and cruelty had come just in time for the two friends, for they were to have been among the next victims; and, if Fabien and his associates had not turned against Robespierre, Fabien and Citizen Jacquot would have felt the great sharp knife of the guillotine.

As it was, the boy and the raven were escorted back to the Rue Pascarin, and the little shop where Fabien was installed in his little shop.

There they lived to see the complete overturning of the revolution and the return of law and order, and the time came when Citizen Jacquot could cry "Long live the king" without fear of the bloody knife.

Crepin, the ruffian who had brought about all the trouble, went to the guillotine himself in the last batch of the victims, and, therefore, his face appeared no more in the doorway of the little shoemaker's shop.

Little Fabien and the raven grew old together, and when the once little lad of the Rue Pascarin was white-haired, an old bird would hop to his accustomed perch on his shoulder, and, putting his glossy head close to his cheek, cry out: "Long live the king!" when the old cobbler never failed to recall the strange days of Robespierre and the terror.

Of course you read the testimonials published in this paper relating to Hood's Sarsaparilla. They are from reliable people, state simple facts and show beyond a doubt that HOOD'S CURES.

EVERY DAY PHILOSOPHY.

From The Boston Transcript.

In order to love others we must feel ourselves worthy to be loved.

It is only when distraction has fled and self-conceit is still, that the whispers of God are heard in the soul.

A good man cannot be scorned. If I am truly worthy, my villifier insults not me but his idea of me.

The best protection against an enemy is to love him while knowing him to be your enemy.

When an unworthy person is exalted into the throne becomes a pillory.

Envy is the cannibal of the heart.

When a man would see his back as well as his front he duplicates the mirror and stands between. Then what is hidden in the one is shown in the other. So, if he would know himself thoroughly, let him duplicate the companionship of a friend with that of a foe.

Sympathy is the heightening or lowering of function in one by its increase or diminution in another.

The telegram runs by so swiftly in its red sandals as to be invisible.

Time is never more completely wasted than when spent in complaining of its brevity.

Would you improve? Keep raising your standard by critical comparison; and keep trying to approach it by patient aspiration and labor. Mere plodding industry, accompanied by indifference or conceit, makes little or no progress and may even steadily deteriorate. For advancement one must with faithful desire constantly see something better than he has yet attained.

The mystery of death makes the romance of life. It surrounds the known actualities of experience with an infinitude of unknown possibilities. Were it not for this boundless margin as background of suggestive awe and exhaustless uncertainty our life would be a sterile repetition of limited monotones. The ground of wonder, hope, fear, joy, is the unknown. And this is the grandest gift of God. If he would know himself thoroughly, let him duplicate the companionship of a friend with that of a foe.

The mind of each man is the focus of the human race and his voice an echo of the whole creation.

Archimedes sits in history crowned forever with that golden crown of Hero by means of which he discovered the law of specific gravities.

Is death at the bottom of everything? Dig through it and you will find immortality. Decay is the path of resurrection. From dead carbon springs the living diamond. Death is as ceaseless and fertile as life. What tree can bear so much or so divine fruit as the cross?

Everything else of time melts into eternity without resistance or complaint. Why does man? Only because he is sinful and discordant.

He who deserves nothing has no right to complain of anything.

Patience is a much cheaper signal of character than is commonly supposed. We believe what we are worthy to believe. What we are unworthy to believe we cannot believe, however hard we try. But there are two kinds of worth—the duly earned and the freely bestowed. The former is the fruit of what we have done. The latter is the gracious gift of God. The union of these determines the degree of purity in our affection, of light in our intelligence, and of energy in our will, and the result measures our power both of conception and of trust in what we conceive.

An Augustine, a Fenelon, a Channing, believes a thousand times more than a Wallenstein, a Tallyrand, an Ingersoll. Surely he who asserts that they have no adequate ground for their greater faith fatally betrays by the assertion, alike the contents of his own experience and the grade of his character.

Inspiration is the supplementation of the original act which created the man.

Enthusiasm is a divine impulse derived from the presence of God in us and added to our natural activity.

In the recall of our own spirit and the return of our own deeds, Nemesis is perpetual.

A science in the orderly arrangement of the knowledge of a special department of being and phenomena.

The consciousness of the sciences in a central and superior whole is philosophy.

Philosophy enriched by history and animated by poetry and applied by humanity to the inner life is religion. It is the synthesis of science and philosophy, illuminated with duty and warmed and filled with love, bloom into religion.

Symbolism is the translation of the language of one kingdom of being into that of another.

The body may be clean but the soul alone can be pure.

The fog finds his beatific vision in a looking glass.

The yankee has no reverence. He scratches his name with his jackknife on the inner life is religion. It is the synthesis of science and philosophy, illuminated with duty and warmed and filled with love, bloom into religion.

Human life is a play, consisting of many different scenes; and those who are in the world as spectators often understand the plot and the characters better than those who are there as actors.

The merely surprising surprises but a few times; the intrinsically admirable is ever more and more admired.

Prejudice is bias independent of the facts. The apt use of symbols is the great art for ruling the operations of human brains.

Would you make conquests of a man? Win his heart and you will take his mind. Would you make a conquest of a woman? Take her mind and you will win her heart. He who cares not to return may go anywhere.

Be not pained by outward circumstances to seal. Make your own thought as mold. Your own will the stamp of your life.

How different is the expression of the superb muscle when it performs its function in the eye of a worm and in the eye of a woman!

It is a terrible misfortune or a horrid retribution for a man to have a face of such fixed insensibility that it merely serves as a signpost to his body.

When the creative pattern is woven in its fullness by the creation, all the experiences of history collected and adjusted in their mutual relations, and the harmonized whole unveiled in the consciousness of every creature, that illuminated and all-justifying crisis will be the true judgment day which shall set a solidarity of time in the solidarity of space.

THEIR COMPOSITIONS.

Some of Miss Lella Stovall's Kindergarten Class and Their Work.

Perhaps no teacher has a stronger hold upon their pupils than Miss Stovall. Her kindergarten class of over thirty little tots is unusually interesting, and a few of their compositions are given to show how rapidly they progress.

The Mineral Kingdom.

A mineral will not melt, but a metal will melt. The mineral kingdom is divided into three classes, metals, minerals, and metals. They are very useful. Iron is a metal, and is simple facts and show beyond a doubt that HOOD'S CURES.

The Vegetable Kingdom.

All things belong to the vegetable kingdom that live and grow, but do not

FOR SALE

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115 Whitehall street, telephone 268.
Dealers in all kinds of fish, pompano, red
snapper, trout, perch, bream, sheepshead,
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SEMINOLE CLUBHOUSE INTERIOR
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W. H. INMAN'S ON PEACHTREE,
BESIDES MANY SMALLER PIECES
OF WORK. IT COSTS MORE MONEY
TO HAVE A HALL OR DINING
ROOM BEAUTIFULLY FITTED UP
IN OAK OR CHERRY, BUT IT PAYS
IN THE ADDITIONAL BEAUTY,
COMFORT AND SATISFACTION BET-
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LITTLE IN WHICH THERE IS NONE
AT ALL.

Our work is all done here at home and
what helps us indirectly.

MAY MANTEL COMPANY,
115, 117, and 119 West Mitchell.

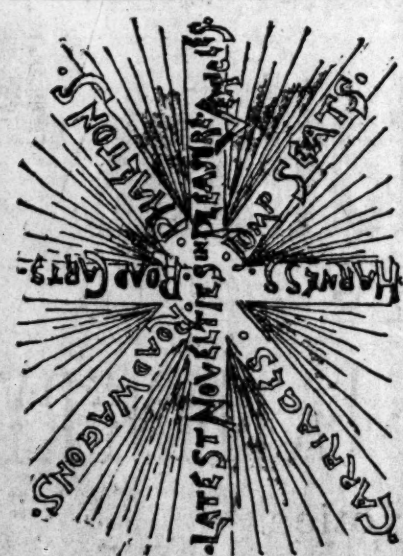
QUERIES.

Why does Cupid carry an arrow?
Because it is a weapon for the beau.
What society is enjoyed most by young
and old?
Hoyt's "Society" tea at 75c a pound.
When does a cherry fall in business?
When the red-breast sends in its robin-
bill.
Name the finest pair in our city?
Hoyt's canned pears.
What is Switzerland's strongest pro-
duct?
Limbarger cheese.
What is Atlanta's favorite dower?
Hoyt's Regal Patent Flour.
Name the hottest country?
Java (coffee) is often boiling. Hoyt's
Rijamo coffee is always delicious.
What host has the strongest guests?
The one who bosses a ship.
What home is the happiest?
The home where Hoyt's pure, fresh and
fine groceries are used.

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which is two weeks' treatment, with full
printed instructions, and is a positive cure
for constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia,
rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous or sick
headache, blood poisoning, and chronic dis-
orders. Everybody should try this remedy.
It is an irony.

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them for anything in this line.
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HOW ARP WAS LEFT

By Passenger Trains Not Running On
Sundays.

HE TELLS HIS SAD EXPERIENCE

While Taking a Trip to Wilmington—The
Inconvenience of Laying Over
Waiting For Trains.

I don't like to travel on Sunday and so I
started Saturday eve for Wilmington where
I was wanted on Monday night. They
told me in Atlanta that I had better go
over the new road—the Georgia, Carolina
and Northern that goes to Monroe and that
I would get there a little sooner and have
but one change—so I boarded the beauti-
ful car at 5 o'clock and arrived in Monroe
next morning at 5 o'clock and intended
to stay over and go to church and ruminate
upon heavenly things, including my wife and
children, and then take the night train for
Wilmington. After breakfast I just ac-
cidentally asked the landlord "what time does
the train leave tonight for Wilmington?" He
looked surprised and said it didn't leave
at all Sunday night. The next train leaves
tomorrow night at 9 o'clock.

My heart sank down about an inch and
I felt right sick as I ventured to inquire if
there was any other way to get there.
There was none he said unless I went back
to the Georgia, Carolina and Northern
twenty-five miles to Catawba junction and
took the three C's for Canada junction and
wait there till midnight for the Western
Carolina. So I hurried to the depot and
there I found out that there was no Sunday
train on the Charleston, Cincinnati and
Chicago. My heart sank down another
inch. Of course I couldn't think of the
Sabbath. Fact is I didn't know who to
blame, but knew very well that Wilming-
ton would blame me if I didn't get there.
After while the conductor came along
and said my only chance was to go back
with him a hundred miles to Clinton and
take the Newberry road for Columbia, and
there I would strike a Wilmington train
about 11 o'clock at night. But he wasn't
sure that the Newberry train ran on
Sunday. So I took my chance, all forgo-
ing. It seemed to me that I had been doing
wrong, and that providence was against me.
When a man is away off from home
and doesn't know anybody he gets awfully
lonesome, and if anything goes wrong he
feels it more. I haven't a friend upon earth,
and maybe none in heaven. I was sick
anyhow and the other half wasn't well.
Negroes got on and off at every station,
and they seemed so happy that I almost
wished I was one, but in course of time
we reached Clinton and ventured to ask
a man there if there was a train going to
Columbia that evening, and he said: "Yes,
going at 3 o'clock." I tell you, I was re-
lieved and happy. My heart jumped up to
its old place and I was really thankful that
one train was going to run on Sunday. It
seemed to me that the good Lord was on
my side. We arrived there at 6 o'clock,
and I enjoyed my supper in the depot and
then sat around and nodded or walked about
for five long hours. Then I boarded a
sleeper for Wilmington and vamped up there
in the morning, all calm and secure. But
it was the most riding for the least reward
that I ever experienced, and that Sunday
I felt like awaking off from traveling any more unless they
would take me and send me by express. I
don't know hardly how to find the way
home, but I'll get there if I have to walk.
Home is the place for me. I am going to
work in my garden and get rid of these
headaches. I don't know what the matter
is. I have been taking quinine and anafetida
and turpentine and peppermint and at-
tenuated and two kinds of pills and a
prescription numbered away up as high as
19,229 and I've read a big lot of adver-
tisements including Warner's Safe Cure, but
am still suffering.

Wilmington is the nicest, cleanest town
I know of. The streets are paved with bel-
gian blocks and there is no mud anywhere.
It is the largest city in the state, and a
delightful place to live in. They certainly
have some good things here that we cannot
have in the up country. Fish and oysters
abound, and these people know how to cook
them. This place is about 2 degrees north
of Atlanta, but is not so cold in winter,
and has the sea breeze all summer. Large
vessels and steamers come right up to town,
and one of them loaded with ten thousand
bales of cotton this last season. This is
said to be the greatest number of bales ever
put on one ship. Small fruits and early
vegetables are cultivated all along the rail-
road line in this region. I passed acres
of strawberries that looked fresh and green
and were getting ready to bloom. Between
the rows there is a thick mat of pine
straw which remains until the berry season
is over and then it is taken away so that
the spaces between can be plowed. It is
all reduced to a science here and is a very
profitable business near the railroad sta-
tions. But cotton is the main crop of the
farmers, and they are going to plant more
than ever—so the guano men say. The
odor of it is in the air all along the lines.
Police has subdivided in this section, and
most of the people seem to acquiesce in ev-
erything that Mr. Cleveland does or wants
to do. Well, it is a good idea to be recon-
ciled to what you cannot help. As I don't
want any more myself I shall make no com-
plaint about Gresham or Hoke Smith or
any other man, for as Cabe says when he
is indifferent about anything: "It is all
optional with me." The wheels of govern-
ment will roll on.

I am not at Goldsboro, another beautiful
and prosperous town. Tomorrow I go to
Raleigh to see the legislature and the gov-
ernor and other notable men. I hope to
return home at the close of the week and
hereafter to spend my Sundays in the sun-
shine of my family. In haste.

BILL ARP.

Now your blood should be purified. Take
Flood's Sarsaparilla, the best spring medicine
and blood purifier.

Not one in twenty are free from some little
ailment caused by inaction of the liver. Use
Carter's Little Liver Pills. The result will
be a pleasant surprise. They give positive
relief.

For new or second-hand machinery in thor-
ough repair, call on or telephone Joseph S.
Cook & Co. Jan 15-sun tues fri

WORLD'S FAIR ALBUMS,

Given Away by the C. H. and D., "The World's
Fair," Route From Cincinnati.

A magnificent album of world's fair views
has been published by the Cincinnati, Ham-
ilton and Dayton railroad which will be sent
to any address on receipt of 10 cents in
stamps. The Cincinnati, Hamilton and Day-
ton, in connection with the Monon route, is
the only line running Pullman perfected safety
vestibuled trains with dining cars from
Cincinnati to Chicago. The "Velvet"
trains of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Day-
ton are admittedly the "Finest on Earth,"
and the line is a representative "world's
fair route." For tickets, rates, etc., ad-
dress any Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton
agent. To get an album send your address
with 10 cents in stamps to E. O. McCor-
mick, G. P. and T. Agt., Cincinnati, O.
oct 22 sun tues fri

Atlanta Elevator Company manufacturers
of passenger and freight elevators. Call on
them for anything in this line.
Jan 15-31 sun tues fri

A Special Offer.

Dr. J. M. Willis, a leading and reliable
physician of Crawfordsville, Ind., will send
free by mail to all who send him their name
and address a box of Fanny Compound,
which is two weeks' treatment, with full
printed instructions, and is a positive cure
for constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia,
rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous or sick
headache, blood poisoning, and chronic dis-
orders. Everybody should try this remedy.
It is an irony.

The Brown & King Supply Company,

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SPECIALS! SPECIALS! SPECIALS!

WROUGHT IRON PIPE,

FITTINGS.

VALVES, INJECTORS,

EJECTORS,

STEAM PUMPS, etc.

Rubber and Leather Belting.

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Wood Split Pulleys,

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FACTORY SUPPLIES

of every description,

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SILVER CHURN
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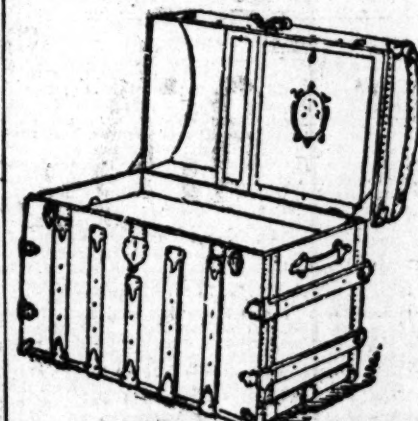
FOR SALE IN THIS CITY BY THE FOLLOWING DEALERS

W. R. Hoyt.....	325 Peachtree Street
W. R. Hoyt.....	90 Whitehall Street
Dohme & Corrigan.....	88 Whitehall Street
Kamper Grocery Company.....	392 Peachtree Street
Wm. Laird.....	124 Whitehall Street
G. K. Buzbee.....	170 Peachtree Street
Tolbert Bros.....	188 Decatur Street
Northington & Walker.....	310 Wheat Street
J. Tye & Co.....	Corner Trinity Avenue and Whitehall Street
Stewart Bros.....	78 Decatur Street
D. Klein.....	Corner Windsor and Hood Streets
J. B. Smith.....	38 Decatur Street
Echols & Richards.....	140 Peachtree Street
S. C. Glass.....	169 and 171 Marietta Street
J. J. Shikan.....	108 West Mitchell Street
A. M. Patterson.....	154 William Street
Sims Bros.....	480 Marietta Street



ANHEUSER-BUSCH BEER WILL BE SOLD EXCLUSIVELY.

The World's Fair Directors, realizing the
enormous demand there will be during the
Fair for restaurant accommodations, author-
ized the incorporation of the Columbian
Casino Company with a capital stock of
\$200,000. This Casino will be the only build-
ing on the grounds proper used exclusively
for restaurant purposes. It will be equipped,
managed and operated by the Casino company
which is composed of some of the best
known caterers in America, with Ernest
Sadler as president. These gentlemen at once
determined to make the Casino the most per-
fect restaurant and cafe the world has ever
known. It will have a seating capacity of
about four thousand persons, and is designed
to serve from thirty to forty thousand persons
each day. Such is what this wonderful World's
Fair restaurant will be.



HEADQUARTERS

—FOR—

TRUNKS SAMPLE CASES.

The best and latest style of gent's and
ladies' traveling bags, pocket books, card
cases, purses, collar and cuff boxes, dress
suit cases. Everything in leather and
plush novelties.

ATLANTA TRUNK FACTORY,

Lieberman & Kaufmann

92 and 94 Whitehall St.



AGED WHISKIES A SPECIALTY.

HARRY HILL, Sec'y.

Ladies Taking Advantage.

The Dresden is closing out everything at auction and the ladies are taking advantage
of low prices and things are lively at the Dresden.

People who want to buy Dinner Sets, Chamber Sets, Tea Sets, Bric-a-Brac, etc.,
are missing the biggest chance of their lives. Everything will be sold from a toothpick up
to Haviland Co.'s \$350 Dinner Sets and parties attending the sale can buy just what
they want if they will ask to have it put up. Remember the time and place 10:30
a. m. and 2:30 p. m.

THE DRESDEN,

37 WHITEHALL ST.

L. A. MUELLER, AGT.

THE CHANCES ARE TEN TO ONE

If you will take a look through our TAILORING DEPARTMENT
we'll get your order for a spring suit. Our stock of cloths represents
every new, stylish and nobby production of the season—add to this our
reputation for the best class of work and certainty of getting a good
and the reason is very plain.

GLOTHIERS **HIRSCH BROS. TAILORS.**
44 WHITEHALL STREET.

SCIPLE
Fire Brick, Lime, Stove Flues, Fire Clay, Chimney Tops.
OFFICE, No. 6 LOYD STREET, ATLANTA, GA.

ATLANTA ELEVATOR CO. **ELEVATORS**
ATLANTA, GA. Passengers and Freight.
MAKERS OF ALL KINDS OF ELEVATORS

P. H. SNOOK & SON

Will offer for a few days some rare bargains in fine
Chamber and Dining Room

FURNITURE

Hat Racks, Sideboards, Book Cases and Parlor Suits.
Four hundred beautiful suits will be offered at prices
never before known in the south. Our stock is very
large and we wish to reduce it.

These Goods Must Go

Prices in many of them will CUT NO FIGURE.
Hundreds of odd prices that we propose to turn
loose at any price. Beautiful Oak Suits \$12.50, \$16
and \$20. Folding Beds, Folding Lounges, Sofas,
Easy Chairs, glass-door Wardrobes, Chiffoniers,
brass and metal Beds at less than English prices
without duty. See this stock before placing your
order elsewhere.

LARGE STOCK OF LEATHER GOODS

EISEMAN BROS.

25% DISCOUNT ON

Black Worsted Suits

For a few days only we will allow 25 per cent
discount on all our Sack, Cutaway and Prince Al-
bert black Worsted Suits. Among them are Clays,
small Twills, narrow Wales, basket and honey-comb
effects. The greater number of the Suits in stock
are of imported material.

THE BROAD GAUGE INTELLIGENCE
THAT GUIDES OUR MANAGEMENT
SEEKS THE LARGEST GAINS BY
GIVING THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
SERVICE. DOES IT—AND WINS.
THIS DISCOUNT SALE WILL COM-
MAND UNUSUAL ATTENTION. THE
CURRENT REDUCTIONS APPEAL TO
SELF-INTEREST. THEY MUST
THEREFORE ATTRACT.

It is within the bounds of truth to state that
our patrons saved two thousand dollars on the
Suits and Overcoats distributed through the store
last week at \$9.90.

Another six days of the same bargains. There
is a display of Suits and Overcoats here now

AT \$9.90.

They formerly were sold all the way from
\$11.50 to \$18.00.

Eiseman Bros.

15-17 WHITEHALL STREET.